

My New Year's Guests.

(By ROLLIN M. DAGGETT)

(SCENE: A Chamber in Virginia City, one of the pictures on the wall being the reduced photographs of over five hundred California Pioneers of 1849.) TIME: December 31, 1881, Midnight.

THE winds come cold from the southward, with incense of fir and pine. And the flying clouds grow darker as they halt and fall in line. The valleys that reach the deserts, mountains that greet the clouds, Lie bare in the arms of winter, which the prudish night enshrouds.

The leafless sage on the hillside, the willows low down the stream, And the sentry rocks above us have faded all as a dream. The fall of the stamp grows fainter; the voice of night sinks low; And, spelled from labor, the miner toils home through the drifting snow.

As I sit alone in my chamber this last of the dying year, Dim shades of the past surround me and faint through the storm I hear Old tales of castles builded, under shelving rock and pine. Of the bearded men and stalwart I greeted in forty-nine;

The giant with hopes audacious; the giants of iron limb; The giants who journeyed westward when the trails were new and dim; The giants who felled the forests, made pathways o'er the snows, And planted the vine and fig tree where the Manzanita grows;

Who swept the mountain gorges, and painted their endless night, With their cabins rudely fashioned and their campfires' ruddy light; Who builded great towns and cities, and swung the Golden Gate, And hewed from the mighty ashlar the form of a sovereign state;

Who came like a flood of waters to a thirsty desert plain, And where there had been no reapers grew valleys of golden grain. Nor wonder that this strange music sweeps in from the silent past, And comes with the storm this evening, and blends its strain with the blast.

Nor wonder that through the darkness should enter a spectral throng, And gather around my table with the old-time smile and song; For there on the wall before me, in a frame of gilt and brown, With a chain of years suspended, old faces are looking down;

Five hundred all grouped together—five hundred old pioneers— Now list as I raise the taper and trace the steps of the years: Behold this face near the center; we met ere his locks were gray; His purse, like his heart, was open; he struggles for bread today.

To this one the fates were cruel; but he bore his burden well, And the willow bends in sorrow by the wayside where he fell. Great losses and grief crazed this one; great riches turned this one's head; And a faithless wife wrecked this one—he lives, but were better dead.

Now closer the light on this face; 'twas wrinkled when we were young. His torch drew our footsteps westward; his name was on every tongue. Rich was he in lands and kindness, but the human deluge came, And left him at last with nothing, but death and a deathless fame.

'Twas a kindly hand that grouped them—these faces of other years— The rich and the poor together—the hopes, the smiles, and the tears Of some of the fearless hundreds, who went like the knights of old, The banner of empire bearing to the land of blue and gold.

For years I have watched these shadows, as others I know have done; As death touched their lips with silence, I have draped them one by one, 'Till, seen where the dark plumed Angel has mingled them here and there, The brows I have flecked with sable the living cloud everywhere.

Darker and darker and darker these shadows will yearly grow, As, changing, the seasons bring us the bud and the falling snow; And soon—let us not invoke it—the final prayer will be said, And strangers will write the record: "The last of the group is dead."

And then, but why stand here gazing? A gathering storm in my eyes Is mocking the weeping tempest that billows the midnight skies; And, stranger still—is it fancy?—are my senses dazed and weak?— The shadowy lips are moving as if they would ope and speak;

And I seem to hear low whispers and catch the echo of strains That rose from the golden gulches, and followed the moving trains. The scent of the sage and desert, the path o'er the rocky height, The shallow graves by the roadside—all, all have come back tonight;

And the mildewed years, like stubble, I trample under my feet, And drink again at the fountain where the wine of life was sweet. And I stand once more exalted where the white pine frets the skies, And dream in the winding canyon where the early twilight dies.

Now the eyes look down in sadness. The pulse of the year beats low; The storm has been awed to silence; the muffled hands of the snow, Like the noiseless feet of the mourners, are spreading a pallid sheet O'er the breast of dead December and glazing the shroud with sleet.

Hark! The bells are chiming midnight; the storm bends its listening ear, While the moon looks through the cloud rifts and blesses the new-born year. And now the faces are smiling. What augury can it be? No matter; the hours in passing will fashion the years for me.

Bear closely the curtained windows, shut light from every pane, While free from the world's intrusion and curious eyes profane, I take from its leathern casket, a dented old cup of tin, More precious to me than silver, and blessing the draught within.

I drink alone in silence to the builders of the West— "Long life to the hearts still beating, and peace to the hearts at rest."



LOOK AT THE

following comparison of growth of a bank about four months old:

June 1, 1910, deposits \$ 36,771.31
June 6, 1910, deposits 74,000.00
July 2, 1910, deposits 148,100.00
Aug. 31, 1910, deposits 297,300.00
Sept. 14, 1910, deposits 333,821.92
Oct. 14, 1910, deposits 457,486.26
Capital, paid up\$240,000.00
Loans\$473,261.00

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NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

SUMMONS.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifth Judicial District of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Nye,

William B. Milliken, Plaintiff, versus The Bullfrog-Victor Mining Company, a Corporation, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Nye, and the complaint filed in said County of Nye, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The State of Nevada sends greeting to The Bullfrog-Victor Mining Company, a corporation, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Nye, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; or, otherwise, within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint, a certified copy of which is herewith served upon you.

The said action is brought to recover judgment against said defendant for the sum of \$2,972.00 and interest for money advanced and loaned to said defendant and for services rendered, as follows: On April 23, 1907, for the sum of \$123.10, money loaned; on April 25, 1907, the sum of \$400.00 for money loaned; current expenses, \$39.55; from November 1, 1908, to May 30, 1907, for services rendered as manager and superintendent, at \$200.00 per month, \$1400.00; for annual labor, 1908, the sum of \$600.00 expended for the said defendant, and \$500.00 services rendered; for money advanced and loaned December, 1909, \$100.00.

And you are further notified that if you fail to appear and answer said Complaint, as above required, said Plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of \$2,972.00 with interest on \$1972.00 from May 30th, 1907, and upon \$300.00 from December 31st, 1907, and upon \$100.00 from December 31st, 1909, and costs of this action.

Given under my hand and the Seal of the District Court of the Fifth Judicial District of the State of Nevada, in and for the County of Nye, this 25th day of March in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Ten.

ROBERT G. OHL, Clerk.
(Seal)
By LOWELL DANIELS, Deputy Clerk.
12-24-31; 1-7-14-21-28; 3-4

DR. HICKOK. DR. HICKOK.

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